ANTIGAMUS

OR

A Satyr against *MARRIAGE.*

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

1.

HEnce, hence ye Matrymonial tooles,
Ye thin-leg'd, pale-fac'd, meagre traine,
Ye Profelites to empty rules,
Form'd by ſome nice Adulterer s brain;
Hence chilly thread-bare Stoick Chaſtity
Luſt pinch'd and ſtarv'd by rude Morality,
And welcome well-fed ſprightly Leachery.
Methinks I feel the noble god-like-gueſt,
Briskly advancing to command my breaſt.
My thoughts, Seraglio-like are richly ſtor'd
With the beſt Gifts the Univerſe afford:
My wiſhes burn my imaginations glow,
And my free choice diſtracts me what to do
But Pilot-like, I will attack each Whore
'Till Natures Helm ſhall ſteer me to ſome more.

2.

Marriage that religious Cheat,
By which mankind their freedome loole,
Shall ne're my uſe of ſenſe defeat,
Or in its ſpecious Hamprings nooſe.
Marriage that ſtate of ſlavish drudgery
The clog that cramps and galls our Liberty,
The blind effect of doting foolery.

Let Court-born Brats, like Frogs, compleat
Their births, ſcarce born Engender in the heat;
Let 'Squires their *Bridgets* to their beds prefer,
Chous'd by the cunning well-fee'd Houſ-keeper;
I'le propagate my univerſal Love
While the quick-motion'd ſprings of youth can move
When age ſteals on, and life becomes a curſe,
Perhaps I'le then vouchſafe to keep a Nurſe.

3

Tell me ſome humble Hen-peck'd Cit
The numerous wracks attend thy life;
What crowds of Ills together meet,
And Center in a ſnarliſh Wife.
No zealous Drab mad or prophetick grown
Or pale Fanatick bawling down the Crown
Storms half ſo loud or with ſo ſhrill a tone.
How ſneaking muſt the leſſon'd School-boy ſtand
With heavy down-caſt-eye, and Cap in hand,
And if her chattering Clack one Note ſhe rears,
He dreads the preſent forfeiture of his ears:
Dare he reply, Stools, Chairs, and all ſhe'l hurle
Or worry with her nails the ſaucy Churle.
The Victrix-ſpouſe ſcorns ever to comply,
Unleſs with ends to ſerve her Leachery.

4

Brag on thou fondling fawning Sot
Who art by modeſt out-ſides gull'd,
Thou blinded credulous Ideot,
In meer conceits of virtue lul'd.

Let

Let but thy darling Neſt-bird take the air
From place to place ſhe'l flutter firſt with care,
Then try her wings and prove a wonderer.
In harmleſs wanton ſports ſhe'l freely joyn,
And with her fellow Innocents combine
Till we the well-flown Vulture hungry rome
And ſeize the harmleſs Captives far from home.
Graſp'd in our Talons they become the prey
And at their deaths perceive th've gone aſtray:
Thus we brave ſouls to Luxury are fed
With the fat Quarry of the Marriage-bed.

5.

I challenge all tame wedlock Drones
Who the dull badge of Husband wear
T' alledge their conſolations
Secure from jealouſies and fear,
How could the mighty *Ceſars* luſtre ſhine,
Though crowding Laurels round his temples twine
Ecclypſ'd by hot-tail'd bawdy *Meſſaline*?
How wiſely did the wandring *Trojan 'Squire*
Leave his *Ceruſa* ſcorching in *Troy*'s fire!
The *Carthage* Dames well lik'd his manly face,
He promiſ'd much becauſe of Baſtard-race
Maugre Tar-breeches, Maugre ſun-burnt meene
He boldly ventur'd and debauch'd a Queen.
Thus piouſly endew'd the Hero fled,
Where fates ordain'd and choice of Whoreing led,

6.

Curſe on that Græcian * Spinning Spouſe,
Who when Brisk Lovers dayly came

Was

Was making Cheese, or Sweeping house,
And would not entertain their flame.
This Idle, Old, Cold, Drousie, Rusty, Mome.
Was glad to see her totter'd* Wisdom come;
Kis'd wrinckled Dear, and bid him welcome home.
He underwent the shocks of Fire and Steele,
While Chast Chickney sate purring at the Wheele.
But Oh! th' Embraces when these Lovers met,
The Furrows of their Cheeks with slobbering wet.
One would have thought th' Hero's long delay
Had made him pamper'd for Venereal play;
But he must first the Trojan wars repeat,
His Love with too long fasting could not eat.

7

Arm, arm, my Lads to *Venus* Wars,
My faithful, dauntless Volunteers,
Courageously withstand all jarrs
And ransack Cuckold [illegible]
Thus the old *Romans* their first Conquest made,
The *Sabine* Virgins they at [illegible]
This flush'd their Valour, then the world obey'd.
Cannot your blood [illegible] great Example, stir,
Jove the most Fam'd and Grand Adulterer?
He, who in Incest first his power begun,
Gave Earthly Empires to each Bastard Son.
We are his Race, our Actions speak us so,
Nor need we doubt reward if on we go.
Sound Loves Trumpet, fill all the *Cyprian* plain,
Wee'l Fight, and Wheel, and Rally up again.

The

8

The Battle's done, and Ours the day,
And though the ſhort diſpute was hot,
The Captives will our Labour pay,
The Pretty *Amoxons* we've got.
This Merchants wife brings ſtore of Silks & Wine,
That Gold-ſmith Conſort's fraught with bags of Coyn.
All, all their Husbands Treaſuries purloyn.
Theſe are the fields we Luſty Champions fight,
Our Labours pleaſe us, and our Pains delight;
While eaſie Cowards lazily content
Themſelves with one a Nuptial Curſe hath ſent.
Let the head-aching mortals grunt and grone,
And bind their ſwelling Fore-heads making moane;
Let Snivelling *Mopſa* run at Noſe and cry,
Oh Dear! my husband I'm afraid he'l dye.

9.

May I (yee Gods) who Patrons are
To Luſt and ſweet Debauchery,
Brow-Antlers on my Frontlets waer,
Stamp'd with the mark of Cuckoldry.
If I t' Ill-natur'd peeviſhneſs ſubmit,
And Curb my reaſon in a Marriage bit,
May Boyes deriding at me Turnips hit;
May I ſet Smoaking in a Country Cot;
Yoak'd with my Heifer skimming of a Pot;
May I like Starveling *Prigg* to Market trot
On ſober Ball, ſell Eggs to get a Groat;
May the Black, Rude, Companion of my bed
Cry Haſtings ripe, or Cheeſ-cakes on her head;

May

May Smiths and Tinkers, either out of ſpo.
Or Spight, my home-ſpun Doxy court.

10.

Strongly I feel my rageing blood
Beat and attempt to overflow ;
The Channels ſcarce contain the Flood,
And Natures Springs Luxuriant grow.
As when *Nile* ſwells with fat impetuous Tides,
Richly inſulting o're the Banks he rides,
O're beauteous flowers & Plants he gently glides.
Thus I though furious and tempeſtuous made,
VVill gently force, and calmly Nymphs invade.
I am reſolv'd, and nothing hinders me,
No Shanker pox, or running Ghonorrhy,
Ile on with all my luſty Myrmidons, (bones;
Straight-limb'd, well-built, with firmly marrow'd
Let Deform'd wretches with all Ill humour cram'd,
Go Marry if they can, and ſo be damn'd.

FINIS.

Oxon. 1691